
PROLOGUE.

[FADE IN ON A LOW-PITCHED HUM, PUNCTUATED WITH THE THUMP-THUMP OF A BASS DRUM. IT STARTS OFF DISTANT, BUT GROWS STEADILY LOUDER -- ESPECIALLY THE DRUM BEATS, WHICH COME AT VERY IRREGULAR INTERVALS. AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF THIS, THERE'S A LOW MOAN, AND JIMMY BARCLAY AWAKENS.]

JIMMY:

[WAKING UP] Ooo . . . What is that .
. . [HOLLERS] Donna! Turn down your
music! There're people trying to
sleep here! . . . [THE THUMP GETS
LOUDER, AND SO DOES JIMMY.] Donna
Barclay! Turn the music down!! [HE
BANGS ON THE WALL, BUT INSTEAD OF A
WOODEN KNOCK, HIS KNUCKLES GENERATE A
METAL CLANG.] Ow!! What in the
world--? [HE SITS UP, PUZZLED. THE
HUM IS NOW VERY LOUD, LIKE THE DRONE
OF AN AIRPLANE ENGINE. JIMMY CLANGS
THE WALL AGAIN.] It's metal! I
don't have metal walls in my room!
I-- [HE STOPS HIMSELF, SCARED.] This
isn't my room . . . [SUDDENLY, THERE
IS A VERY LOUD EXPLOSION THAT ROCKS
EVERYTHING!] Whoa!! And that was no
drum beat!! What is this?!

[SUDDENLY, THERE ARE VOICES FROM OFF.]

NAVIGATOR:

[OFF; SCARED] That one was really
close, Lieutenant!

NAGLE:

[OFF; CONFIDENT] Yeah! Looks like
the Nazis have been doin' a little
target practice . . .

JIMMY:

[TO HIMSELF] Nazis . . . ?

[ANOTHER EXPLOSION, JUST AS CLOSE AS THE FIRST.]

NAVIGATOR:

[CLOSER; A SCARED SCREAM] Aaah!!

NAGLE:

[CLOSER] Steady, man. Hold your course. Adjusting altitude to 30,000.

JIMMY:

[TO HIMSELF] Altitude . . . ? [DAWNS ON HIM] This is an airplane! A World War II bomber -- Whoa!!

[STARTS FORWARD, THERE IS ANOTHER EXPLOSION.]

NAVIGATOR:

[SLIGHTLY OFF; VERY FRIGHTENED] Lt. Nagle, shouldn't the Captain be up here?

NAGLE:

[SLIGHTLY OFF; ASSURED] Easy, Airman. The Skipper's on his way forward . . . He'll see us clear. [CHUCKLES] Believe me, we've gotten out of jams a lot stickier than this . . .

[ANOTHER EXPLOSION.]

NAVIGATOR:

[SLIGHTLY OFF] Uh, I don't mean to doubt you, sir, but are you sure?

NAGLE:

[SLIGHTLY OFF] Take my word for it, son: in the air, you don't have to worry about anything when Jimmy Barclay's in command . . .

[MUSIC: A DRAMATIC STINGER.]

JIMMY:
[SHOCKED; TO HIMSELF] Command?! . .
. Ho, boy . . .

[ANOTHER EXPLOSION, AND THE STINGER CRESCENDO'S INTO:]

[THE THEME, AFTER WHICH COMES:]

CHRIS:

Jimmy Barclay has had lots of
Adventures while he's lived in
Odyssey -- but never like the one
he's in the middle of right now.
What makes it so special? Stay tuned
and you'll see!

[COMMERCIAL #1]

And now, Jimmy's special ADVENTURE IN
ODYSSEY!

I.

[CONCURRENT WITH THE PROLOGUE. WE'RE WITH A VERY CONFUSED JIMMY.]

JIMMY:
[TO HIMSELF] This is too weird! How
could I be the Captain of a World War
II bomber plane?! This has gotta be
a dream-- [ANOTHER EXPLOSION ROCKS
THE SHIP] Whoa!! Sure feels real .
. .

NAVIGATOR:
[SLIGHTLY OFF; PANICKED] We've taken
a hit in the number two engine!

NAGLE:

[SLIGHTLY OFF] I see it, Airman . .
. Compensating . . . [A BEAT] She's
stabilized.

NAVIGATOR:
[SLIGHTLY OFF] Where is Barclay?!

JIMMY:
[TO HIMSELF] Ho, boy . . . [STEPS
INTO THE COCKPIT] Uh, somebody call
my name?

NAVIGATOR:
[RELIEVED] Captain! Thank God
you're here!

NAGLE:
[CHEERFULLY] Hiya, Skipper. Have a
nice rest?

JIMMY:
Uh, well, to tell you the truth, no.

NAGLE:
Guess the shelling woke you up, huh?
Sorry -- I tried to avoid `em, but
you know how tricky flack can be.

JIMMY:
Yeah . . . tricky . . .

NAVIGATOR:
Number two took a hit, sir!

NAGLE:
Yeah, the power level's dropped some,
but she's stabilized now. I don't
think it's too serious. I'm holding
her on course; altitude: 30,000 --
out of the range of their gunners.
You wanna take her?

JIMMY:
[NERVOUSLY] Uh . . . take her?

NAGLE:
[A PUZZLED CHUCKLE] Yeah, you know -
- fly the plane?

JIMMY:
Uh, no, no, that's okay. You're
doing just fine . . .

NAGLE:
Are you all right, Skipper?

JIMMY:
[NERVOUSLY] Uh . . . yeah, sure . .
. why?

NAGLE:
Well, you're acting like you've never
seen the board before.

JIMMY:
[MOCK LAUGH TO COVER UP] Ha, ha, ha!
Never seen the board before! That's
a good one! I . . . [STOPS.] Wait a
minute -- I have seen this board
before! This is a Boeing B-17-G --
the Flying Fortress! I really do
know this!

NAGLE:
Well, I should hope so! You
practically wrote the book on it--

JIMMY:
[SUDDENLY] Book! That's it! That's
how I know this! It was in a book
Mr. Whittaker gave me-- [ANOTHER
REVELATION] Mr. Whittaker! That's
what this is -- I'm in the
Imagination Station!!

NAGLE:

The what?

JIMMY:

Huh? Oh, uh, nevermind. You don't have to understand -- [RELIEVED] -- just so I do! What a relief . . .

NAVIGATOR:

[HE'S BALMY] If you say so, sir.

JIMMY:

[SUDDENLY IN COMMAND] Um . . . I think I will take over now, Lieutenant.

NAGLE:

[WARY] Okay, Skipper, she's all yours . . .

JIMMY:

Airman, you have a chart of our position?

NAVIGATOR:

Oh, uh, yes, sir . . . [LOOKS THROUGH HIS CHARTS] If you'll just give me a second . . .

NAGLE:

It's been a successful mission, Skipper. We knocked out three munitions factories . . . Sure will be good to get home.

NAVIGATOR:

[PULLS OUT AS CHART] Here we are, sir! . . . [UNROLLS IT] We are right . . . here -- bearing 335. The coastal route.

JIMMY:

Coastal, huh?

NAGLE:

Yes, sir. We should be there in
about six hours.

JIMMY:

Hm . . . Seems awfully long . . . [A
BEAT] Change course -- heading 118.

NAVIGATOR:

[ALARMED] Sir?

NAGLE:

[ALSO ALARMED] You sure you wanna do
that, Skipper?

JIMMY:

The shortest distance between two
points is a straight line.

NAGLE:

Yeah, but that straight line takes us
right over Grimmstaad's sector!

JIMMY:

So?

NAVIGATOR:

He has the highest kill rate in the
Third Reich!

NAGLE:

He's right, Skipper. The life
expectancy of a bomber entering that
butcher's territory is about twenty
seconds.

JIMMY:

You just said we were out of range.

NAGLE:

We are, but I don't know how long we can keep it up! We have one engine running at 50 percent -- that puts a lot of strain on the others. They're already too hot--

JIMMY:

All the more reason to get home as quickly as possible. Change course -
- come to heading 118.

NAGLE:

[A DEEP BREATH] Aye, sir . . .
Heading 118 . . .

[THE ENGINES WHINE AS THE PLANE CHANGES COURSE.]

NAGLE:

Our heading is 118, sir.

NAVIGATOR:

[FRIGHTENED] Now entering the
Grimmstaad sector . . .

[THERE'S A BEAT -- AND A HUGE SIGH FROM NAGLE.]

JIMMY:

Something on your mind, Lieutenant?

NAGLE:

Yes, sir, Skipper, there is. I think you're takin' an awful, and very unnecessary, risk doing this -- especially considering how Grimmstaad feels about you.

JIMMY:

[CONFUSED] How - how he feels? .
. .

NAGLE:

You don't have to pretend I don't
know. For him, this war is personal.
He sees only one enemy -- you.

JIMMY:
[CATCHING ON, AD LIBBING] Yeah,
well, uh, I feel the same way about
Grimmstaad . . . [SUDDENLY, THE
NUMBER TWO ENGINE COUGHS AND
SPUTTERS, THEN QUITTS. AN ALARM
BUZZER GOES OFF] -- What's that?

[MUSIC: AN EXCITING THEME UNDER.]

NAGLE:
Number two engine just quit.
Initiating re-start . . .

[THE ENGINE COUGHS AND SPUTTERS SOME MORE.]

NAVIGATOR:
Engines one, three and four entering
red zone!

[NUMBER TWO ENGINE DIES, AND THE ALARM CONTINUES TO SOUND.]

NAGLE:
It's no good -- she won't kick in
this high!

NAVIGATOR:
We're losing altitude!

[SUDDENLY, THE EXPLOSIONS START UP AGAIN, ROCKING THE PLANE.]

NAGLE:
Grimmstaad!

JIMMY:
Didn't take him very long!

NAGLE:

It never does . . .

NAVIGATOR:
[GETTING PANICKED] Captain, what are
we gonna do?!

JIMMY:
[SHAKILY] We're gonna hold our
course until we can get low enough to
start up that engine!

NAVIGATOR:
But, sir--

[SUDDENLY A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION REALLY ROCKS THE PLANE.]

JIMMY:
Whoa!!!

NAVIGATOR:
That one hit something!!

NAGLE:
Yeah -- he's blown away the starboard
wing tip! Number 4 engine is losing
pressure!

NAVIGATOR:
We're goin' down!

NAGLE:
No, no we're not! We can pull out of
this! Skipper, grab your wheel!
[BUT JIMMY IS FROZEN WITH FEAR]
Captain Barclay?!

JIMMY:
[SHAKILY] Yeah, uh -- got it . . .

NAGLE:

All right! Steady now! Slowly .
. . slowly . . . ease her back up . .
. slowly . . .

JIMMY:
It's working! We're pulling up!

[THE DRONE OF THE PLANE INTENSIFIES AS THEY SUCCESSFULLY PULL OUT
OF THEIR DIVE.]

JIMMY:
Try the engine!

[HE DOES]

NAGLE:
C'mon, baby -- start for me . . .
start . . .

[THE NUMBER TWO ENGINE COUGHS AND SPUTTERS AGAIN . . . THEN STARTS
BACK UP!! THERE ARE CHEERS FROM THE THREE ON BOARD.]
[MUSIC: CHANGES TO A TRIUMPHANT THEME; THEN FADES UNDER.]

NAGLE:
Number 2 engine restarted! Number 4
stabilizing.

NAVIGATOR:
That was . . . incredible!

JIMMY:
[SHAKEN] Yes, it was . . . uh,
thanks, Lieutenant.

NAGLE:
[SMILES] That's what I'm here for .
. .

NAVIGATOR:
Hey! The shelling's stopped--
[THERE'S A BLAST OF FILTERED STATIC]
Captain, I don't know how, but we're

receiving surface-to-air
communications!

JIMMY:
On the speaker, Lieutenant.

NAGLE:
Yes, sir.

GRIMMSTAAD:
[FILTERED] Barclay . . . Captain
Barclay . . .

NAGLE:
It's Grimmstaad!

JIMMY:
Open a channel.

[NAGLE FLIPS A SWITCH.]

NAVIGATOR:
Open, sir.

JIMMY:
This is Barclay, Grimmstaad.

GRIMMSTAAD
[FILTERED] Ach! Congratulations,
Herr Captain. A remarkable
exhibition of airmanship, I must say.

JIMMY:
Not at all, Grimmstaad. Your Nazi
gunners simply aren't as good as you
think.

GRIMMSTAAD
[FILTERED] Don't be foolish; that
was merely a sample of what I can do.

I can blow you out of the sky at any time I choose; we both know that--

JIMMY:
I know you're wasting my time,
Grimmstaad. What do you want?

GRIMMSTAAD

[FILTERED] Coyness does not become you, Barclay. You know what I want. Give it to me, or I will destroy your plane.

JIMMY:
What makes you think we won't get through?

GRIMMSTAAD

[FILTERED] Your craft is badly damaged; it may not make it through as it is. Even now my guns are trained on you. The advantage is mine, Barclay! Bail out now!

NAGLE:
Don't do it, Skipper!

JIMMY:
Will you guarantee safe passage for my crew, Grimmstaad?

GRIMMSTAAD

[FILTERED] But, of course!

JIMMY:
All right, it's a deal . . . Barclay out. [A CLICK AND THE MIKE IS DEAD]
Take the wheel, Airman.

NAGLE:

You're going to take his word for it?

JIMMY:

It's me he wants -- you said it
yourself . . . Where's my parachute?
There . . . [STARTS BUCKLING IT ON.]
Once I'm clear, you should be able
to make it through.

NAGLE:

But you don't stand a chance with
him!

JIMMY:

And you don't stand a chance if I
stay! [TO HIMSELF] Besides, I wanna
see what comes next . . .

NAGLE:

What?

JIMMY:

Nevermind . . . Stand clear! I'm
opening the door!

[A BOMBAY DOOR OPENS, AND THE WIND RUSHES IN.]

[MUSIC: AN EXCITING THEME STARTS.]

NAGLE:

[ABOVE THE WIND] Skipper, please
don't do this!

JIMMY:

[ABOVE THE WIND] No arguments! Keep
straight on these bearings,
Lieutenant . . .

NAGLE:

Jimmy, wait!! There's something you
need to know!!

JIMMY:

[JUMPS] Geronimoooooooooooo!!!!!!

[HIS VOICE FADES AS HE FALLS AWAY, AND THE]
[MUSIC: BRIDGES TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

II.

[A FEW MINUTES LATER. JIMMY IS FLOATING DOWN. WIND RUSHES BY.
SUDDENLY, WE HEAR WHIT'S ECHO-Y VOICE.]

WHIT:

[ECHO-Y] Jimmy?

JIMMY:

Mr. Whittaker? This is a great
adventure!!

WHIT:

Jimmy . . . Come on, Jimmy . . .
Come on . . .

JIMMY:

[CONFUSED] "Come on" where, Mr.
Whittaker? I-- [SUDDENLY, THERE IS A
TEARING SOUND] Uh-oh . . . [THERE'S
A HUGE RIP!] Whooooaaa--oof!!!! [HE
LANDS IN A LARGE HAY STACK.] Ho boy
. . . What a great place for a hay
stack . . .

[SUDDENLY, NAGLE APPEARS]

NAGLE:

It's just like you to play around
when you're in so much danger, 014
. . .

JIMMY:

[SURPRISED] Nagle!! [STOPS] What'd
you call me?

NAGLE:

Agent 014 -- (SUSPICIOUSLY) Is everything all right?

JIMMY:
Uh -- oh, yeah, yeah! 014 . . . sure
. . .

NAGLE:
Now will you stop kiddin' around and lose the parachute! We've gotta get outta here!

JIMMY:
All right, all right . . . [JIMMY UNBUCKLES THE CHUTE.] There, it's off.

NAGLE:
Great -- you get in the car!

JIMMY:
Hey! This is a 1968 Lambergini! I have a model of it at home!

NAGLE:
Well, this is a real one. And, hopefully, it'll get you back to your model.

JIMMY:
But, I thought this was World War II!

NAGLE:
That ended 20 years ago! Now, will you get in?! We've gotta go!

JIMMY:
Okay! Okay!! [TO HIMSELF] This is gettin' weird . . .

[THEY GET IN, START HER UP AND RACE OFF.]

NAGLE:

There's been a snag, 14. We no longer have possession of the letters of transit.

JIMMY:

[NOT SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS] Uh, we don't?

NAGLE:

No. Communications leak. Our embassy man was supposed to shuttle the papers to Agent 64. When he arrived at the rendezvous, one of Grimmkov's men was waiting for him.

JIMMY:

Grimmkov? [TO HIMSELF] Hm. Sounds familiar.

NAGLE:

Both 64 and the Embassy man are gone . . . It's too bad -- those papers would've made getting you home a whole lot easier . . . You know how Grimmkov feels about you.

JIMMY:

[ALMOST TO HIMSELF] Yeah, I'm getting the idea . . . [A BEAT] So, since we don;t have the papers, what's the plan now?

NAGLE:

We've gotta smuggle you past Grimmkov's naval blockade and get you out to our ship.

JIMMY:

Ship?

NAGLE:

Yeah -- the Wonder . . .

[A BEAT]

JIMMY:
[CONFUSED] "Wonder?" . . .

NAGLE:
Something wrong?

JIMMY:
Uh, no . . . "wonder" just sounds
. . . familiar, that's all . . .

NAGLE:
In what way?

JIMMY:
[TRYING TO REMEMBER] I don't know
-- I --

[SUDDENLY, A ROCKET EXPLODES RIGHT NEXT TO THE CAR!]
[MUSIC: A VERY EXCITING CHASE THEME STARTS.]

JIMMY:
Whoa!!! Grimmkov?

NAGLE:
Grimmkov . . .

JIMMY:
What is it with him and rockets?!

[A SPRAY OF BULLETS BOUNCE OFF THE CAR.]

NAGLE:
Don't worry -- the glass is bullet-
proof!

JIMMY:
That's nice to know . . .

NAGLE:
So much for discretion . . . We've
gotta get to the pier!

JIMMY:
There it is up ahead!

[THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT.]

NAGLE:
Yes -- there are also more of
Grimmkov's men!

[HE BACKS UP AND TURNS, AND THE CAR IS SPRAYED WITH MACHINE GUN
BULLETS.]

JIMMY:
Whoa!! Try that side road!

NAGLE:
I see it! I see it!!

[THEY TAKE OFF DOWN A VERY BUMPY SIDE ROAD.]

JIMMY:
[BOUNCED AROUND] Ooff! Ooff!! Boy
. . . you can . . . forget about
. . . the shocks on . . . this thing
. . .

NAGLE:
[BOUNCED AROUND] I told them . . . I
wanted a . . . Jeep . . . but nooo .
. .

[ANOTHER EXPLOSION, VERY CLOSE.]

JIMMY:
Whooaa!! Look out for that tree!!!

NAGLE:
I can't hold it!! Hang on!!!

[THE CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE. IN THE DISTANCE, OTHER CARS PULL UP AND SEVERAL JABBERING MEN CLIMB OUT.]

NAGLE:
Are you all right?

JIMMY:
Yeah, I think so . . .

GRIMMKOV:
[OFF; YELLS] Now I have you,
Barclay! After them, you dogs!

NAGLE:
C'mon! We gotta get outta here!!

JIMMY:
Right behind you!

[THEY OPEN THE DOORS, HOP OUT AND TAKE OFF RUNNING.]

GRIMM:
[OFF, YELLS] You can't escape me,
Barclay!

JIMMY:
[OUT OF BREATH] He's gaining!!

NAGLE:
[OUT OF BREATH] This way!! There's
a clearing up ahead!

GRIMMKOV:
[OFF; YELLS] You can run, Barclay,
but you can't get away!!

NAGLE:
[OUT OF BREATH] Keep moving!

JIMMY:

[OUT OF BREATH] I am! I am!! This
is crazy! Doesn't he ever give up?

NAGLE:

[OUT OF BREATH] No . . . and we
can't either-- [STOPS SUDDENLY] Uh-
oh!!

JIMMY:

[AS IF ALMOST GOING OVER] Who-a-ah!
[ALSO STOPPING] Oh, great -- we're
on a cliff!

GRIMMKOV:

[OFF, BUT CLOSER] You're mine,
Barclay! All mine!!!

JIMMY:

Nagle . . . we're trapped!!

[MUSIC: RISES UP DRAMATICALLY AND TAKES US TO:]
[COMMERCIAL #2.]

III.

[CONCURRENT. JIMMY AND NAGLE ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF. MUSIC
CONTINUES UNDER.]

GRIMMKOV:

[OFF; YELLS] I'm coming for you,
Barclay!

JIMMY:

All right, Nagle, you led us here!
Now what do we do?!

NAGLE:

The only thing we can do!

JIMMY:

And that is?

NAGLE:

Jump!!

JIMMY:

What?! Are you nuts!?!

GRIMMKOV:

[OFF, BUT CLOSER] Barclay!!

NAGLE:

Would you rather face him?! C'mon!!

JIMMY:

[A BEAT] Oooooo . . . here we go
again!! [RUNS] Geronimooooooooo .
. .!! [HIS VOICE FADES AS HE FALLS
AGAIN. THE MUSIC SWELLS FOR AN
INSTANT, THEN HIS VOICE FADES BACK UP
AGAIN.] . . .ooooooooo!!!

[THEY HIT THE WATER WITH A GREAT SPLASH!! JIMMY GLUBS AND FLUBS
AROUND, AND NAGLE HELPS HIM.]

NAGLE:

[HELPING] Jimmy!! Grab onto this
driftwood!!

JIMMY:

[GLUBBING AROUND] Uubb . . . bluub .
. . Got it!! . . . [COUGHS AND
CATCHES HIS BREATH.] You know . . .
I think . . . I'm gettin' kinda
tired of this adventure . . . I mean
. . . everytime I turn around, I'm
fallin' . . . from an airplane . . .
from a cliff . . . how many more
times am I gonna have to fall, huh,
Nagle? . . . [NO ANSWER] Nagle? .
. . Nagle!? Where are you?! [NO

ANSWER; TO HIMSELF] Ho, boy . . .
[ALoud; NERVOUS] Uh, okay, Mr.
Whittaker! Uh, I think I've had
enough! You can take me out, now!
[NO RESPONSE] Mr. Whittaker?! Mr.
Whit-- [STOPS HIMSELF] What in the
world!?

[MUSIC: A VERY HEARTY, SEAFARING THEME STARTS]

JIMMY:
It's . . . a ship!! An old ship --
with sails and everything!! This is
unbelievable!!

[SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, A VOICE.]

NAGLE:
[BRITISH; CALLING] Ahoy there! You
on the driftwood!

JIMMY:
[CALLING] Mr. Whittaker?!?

NAGLE:
[CALLING] No, sir! It's me!!

JIMMY:
[CALLING] Nagle?!

NAGLE:
[CALLING] Yes, sir! Don't worry,
sir! We'll be there directly! Don't
worry! You're safe now, Admiral
Barclay!!

JIMMY:
[TO HIMSELF] "Admiral?" Ho, boy .
. . .

[MUSIC: RISES AND BRIDGES TO:]

IV.

[A FEW MINUTES LATER. JIMMY IS PIPED ONBOARD.]

NAGLE:

[ENTERING] Welcome aboard the HMS
Wonder, Admiral Barclay!

JIMMY:

[CLEARLY NOT INTO IT.] The "Wonder,"
huh? . . . Well, thanks a lot, uh--
what should I call you this time?

NAGLE:

I your yeoman, sir.

JIMMY:

[SKEPTICAL] Uh-huh -- Yeoman Nagle?

NAGLE:

Yes, sir.

JIMMY:

Right . . .

NAGLE:

You really should get out of those
wet clothes, sir. You wouldn't want
to pull into port with a cold.

JIMMY:

Oh, no, of course not . . . Uh, just
what port are we pulling into, by the
way?

NAGLE:

Why, home, sir. We're taking you
home.

JIMMY:

I shoulda guessed . . .

NAGLE:

It was fortunate that we picked you up when we did . . . Especially since the dread pirate Grimmbeard has been spotted in this area.

JIMMY:
"Grimmbeard" -- I was wondering when he was gonna show up . . .

NAGLE:
Well, I should think you'd hope he doesn't show up, sir. You know how he feels about you--

JIMMY:
[THAT DOES IT] Yeah, we're enemies, just like we were in World War II and 1968! Okay -- that's it!! [CALLS]
Did you hear, Mr. Whittaker, I've had enough!

NAGLE:
Admiral--

JIMMY:
[STILL CALLING] I mean, once is great, but this is the third Adventure in a row with the same characters!

NAGLE:
Admiral, please--

JIMMY:
Will you cut it out?! C'mon, Mr. Whittaker, this is getting boring! I really want to come out, now! [NO RESPONSE] Mr. Whittaker--!!

NAGLE:
[NO ACCENT] He can't get you out, Jimmy . . .

[A BEAT]

JIMMY:

[STUNNED] What?

NAGLE:

Mr. Whittaker can't get you out of
this Adventure.

JIMMY:

What are you talking about?!

[SUDDENLY, A LOOKOUT SHOUTS FROM THE LOFT.]

LOOK OUT:

[OFF] Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! 14
degrees off the port bow!

NAGLE:

It's Grimmbeard! We have to get
ready!

JIMMY:

Wait-a-minute! You can't tell me
something like that and then just
walk away! Whaddya mean Mr.
Whittaker can't get me out of here?!

[SUDDENLY, A CANNON BALL EXPLODES OFF THE PORT BOW, SPRAYING THEM
ALL WITH WATER.]

NAGLE:

[SHOUTS] Battle stations! Get to
Battle stations!! [THE MEN SCRAMBLE
AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND.] Look,
Jimmy, I know this is hard for you,
but you're gonna have to wait! Right
now, it's more important that I
protect you from Grimmbeard!

JIMMY:

Why?!

[ANOTHER BLAST.]

NAGLE:

I can't tell you that now! Jimmy,
you're gonna have to trust me -- you
will know everything in time . . .
okay?

[A BEAT]

JIMMY:

Well . . . at least let me help you!

NAGLE:

[CHUCKLES; BACK TO BRITISH] Your
orders, Admiral?!

JIMMY:

Make ready the guns! Form line of
battle!

[MUSIC: A STIRRING SEA-ADVENTURE SONG STARTS.]

NAGLE:

[CALLS] Make ready the guns! Form
line of battle!!

[A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY, AND A HAND CALLS BACK.]

HAND:

Guns ready, sir!!

JIMMY:

Fire at will!

NAGLE:

Fire!

[THERE IS AN EXCHANGE OF CANNON FIRE, SHOUTS FROM THE MEN, AND THE CRACKING OF THE MASTS AND SAIL BEAMS.]

JIMMY:
Clear the deck of wreckage!

NAGLE:
[CALLS] Clear the deck of wreckage!!

LOOK OUT:

[OFF] They're pullin' up broadside,
sir!!

NAGLE:
[CALLS] Make sabres ready!! [TO
JIMMY] You'd better get below,
Admiral!

JIMMY:
No, I wanna fight!

NAGLE:
I can't let you--

LOOK OUT:

[OFF] Here they come!!

[YELLS AND SHOUTS FROM BOTH SHIPS AS MEN AND SWORDS CLASH. THE BATTLE IS ON! IT RAGES FOR A MOMENT, THEN NAGLE YELLS:]

NAGLE:
[FIGHTING] We can't hold them,
Admiral! Get below! Now!!

JIMMY:
[ALSO FIGHTING] What good will that
do? I'll just be trapped down there!

NAGLE:

No, you won't! [FINISHES OFF HIS
ADVERSARY] Ha! There's an escape!
Just keep going down!

[SUDDENLY GRIMMBEARD IS HEARD!]

GRIMMBEARD:
[OFF; A PIRATE] Whar be he?! Whar
be Admiral Barclay?!

NAGLE:
It's Grimmbeard!

GRIMMBEARD:
[OFF] Barclay!! Are ye ready for a
taste o' cold steal, matey!?

NAGLE:
Go, Jimmy -- before he comes on
board!

JIMMY:
But, you said you'd tell me!

NAGLE:
In time, Jimmy -- you will know
everything in time . . . Now, go!!
Through that door!

JIMMY:
Oooo . . . all right!

[OUR PERSPECTIVE STAYS WITH HIM AS HE GOES THROUGH THE DOOR. AS
HE GOES, THE BATTLE FADES IN THE DISTANCE, AND IS REPLACED BY A
FUTURISTIC THROB -- LIKE THE ENGINES OF A SPACE SHIP.]

JIMMY:
[TO HIMSELF] Down . . . down . . .
keep going down . . . looks like I'm
falling again . . . This is too weird
. . . [THE BATTLE NOISE CUTS OUT] No
more battle -- that one's over . . .

so, what's next? . . . Whatever it
is, it sounds electronic . . . [A
DOOR SLIDES OPEN.] Hey! This is--

NAGLE:
The star cruiser Wonder.

JIMMY:
Nagle!

NAGLE:
Welcome aboard, Commander Barclay.

JIMMY:
"Wonder" again, huh? . . . You gonna
tell me what this is all about?

NAGLE:
Let's get to where we're going,
first.

JIMMY:
And where's that -- no, don't tell
me: Sector 001, right? Home?

NAGLE:
You better strap yourself in . . .
[JIMMY DOES] Computer, engage star
drive, factor one.

COMPUTER

Star drive engaged . . .

[THERE IS A VERY STAR TREK-TYPE WHINE AS THE SHIP BLASTS INTO
SPACE.]

COMPUTER:
On course for sector 001.

NAGLE:

[CHUCKLES] Sensors on maximum.
Deflectors on.

COMPUTER:
Acknowledged. Deflectors on.
Warning sensors on maximum alert.

JIMMY:
Expecting a battle?

NAGLE:
As a matter of fact, yes.

JIMMY:
What's my enemy's name this time --
Grimmulon?

NAGLE:
No, just Grimm. And after the last
three defeats, he wants you more than
ever . . .

JIMMY:
[SUDDENLY ANGUISHED] Why?! Why does
he want me?

NAGLE:
Jimmy--

JIMMY:
If you can't tell me that, at least
tell me why Mr. Whittaker can't get
me out of here! I mean, he invented
the Imagination Station--

NAGLE:
You're not in the Imagination
Station, Jimmy . . .

[SUDDENLY, THE SHIP ROCKS WITH AN EXPLOSION. A SIREN IMMEDIATELY
SNAPS ON.]

COMPUTER:

Red alert! Red Alert! Enemy vessel
bearing 118, mark 4.

NAGLE:

Screen on! [IT SNAPS ON] Grimm
. . . Evasive action! Laser-guns
stand ready! Lock in tracking
controls!

COMPUTER:

Locked in.

NAGLE:

Fire laser-guns!

[THERE IS A BLAST FROM THE LASERS.]

JIMMY:

You got him!

COMPUTER:

Lasers fired; no effect.

NAGLE:

No effect? But, that's impossible!

[ANOTHER EXPLOSION.]

COMPUTER

Star drive out. Shields will not
hold against another proton salvo.

JIMMY:

Great! What do we do now?

COMPUTER:

[A BEEP] Receiving communication from
enemy ship.

NAGLE:

Open a channel.

[THE COMPUTER BEEPS -- AND GRIMM'S, SOUNDING VERY MUCH LIKE DARTH VADER, IS HEARD.]

GRIMM:

Why do you persist in this folly?
Your energy is non-existent.

NAGLE:

It's not over yet, Grimm!

GRIMM:

You have no hope for escape! It is
useless to resist! The game is over!
You are mine, Barclay. Surrender .
. . and face your destiny!

NAGLE:

Channel off! [THE COMPUTER BEEPS]

JIMMY:

Y'know, I'm feeling really tired.
Maybe he's right . . .

NAGLE:

No! You can't give up!

COMPUTER:

Enemy vessel approaching at battle
speed; proton salvos ready to fire.
We cannot survive a direct hit.

NAGLE:

Compute strike course of enemy
vessel.

[THE COMPUTER CLICKS AND WHIRRS.]

COMPUTER:

Computed. Enemy ship must pass
within 100 light meters to effect a
direct hit.

NAGLE:
Do we still have hyper-drive?

COMPUTER:
Affirmative.

NAGLE:
Cut all unnecessary power; reserve
power to the shields. Lock in course
heading 1138.7. Arm neutron phasers.

[THE COMPUTER WHIRRS.]

[MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL THEME STARTS.]

JIMMY:
What are you doing?

NAGLE:
We're gonna make him think we're
helpless. As he makes his closest
pass, we'll fire a full spread of
neutron phasers, point-blank, then
high-tail it out of here . . .

COMPUTER

Complete.

NAGLE:
Standby . . . Come on . . . come on .
. . closer . . . closer . . . Now!
Fire phasers and engage hyper drive!

[THE COMPUTER COMPLIES, AND THERE IS A FLURRY OF SOUND AND
ACTIVITY AS THE PHASERS FIRE AND THE HYPER DRIVE KICKS IN! THE
MUSIC BUILDS AND RIGHT WITH THE CLIMAX IS A LOUD EXPLOSION!]

COMPUTER:

Target . . . destroyed.

[NAGLE AND JIMMY CHEER.]

JIMMY:

You did it!!

NAGLE:

No -- we did it! Now come on --
let's get you home . . .

[MUSIC: RISES AND BRIDGES TO:]

V.

[LATER. THE SHIP IS NOW DOCKING.]

COMPUTER:

Docking maneuver complete. Shutting
down engines.

[THE ENGINES SHUT DOWN.]

NAGLE:

Here we are, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

[NERVOUS] Yeah . . . I guess this is
where I get some answers, huh?

NAGLE:

Yes . . . as a matter of fact,
they're right behind that door.

JIMMY:

Well, great! I -- [SUDDENLY IN PAIN]
Ow!

NAGLE:

Are you all right?

JIMMY:

[IN PAIN] Yeah . . . I just . . .
got a headache all of a sudden . . .

NAGLE:
Believe it or not, that's a good sign
. . .

JIMMY:
Yeah, well, I guess I better go --
[HE BUMPS INTO THE DOOR] Oof! Hey,
what gives? Why won't it open?

NAGLE:
Because there's something you have to
do first.

JIMMY:
What?

[MUSIC: AN ETHEREAL THEME STARTS.]

NAGLE:
Remember . . . [A BEAT] Think back,
Jimmy . . . back to before you were
on the plane -- the Flying Fortress .
. . what were you doing?

JIMMY:
[THINKING] I was . . . I was . . .
playing, I think . . .

NAGLE:
That's right . . . where were you
playing, Jimmy?

JIMMY:
I . . . in . . . in the . . . woods .
. .

NAGLE:
Yes . . . where in the woods?

JIMMY:

I . . . I don't remember . . .

NAGLE:

Yes, you do. You were in a very
special place -- it has the same name
as this star cruiser . . .

JIMMY:

[QUIETLY] Wonder . . .

NAGLE:

And the battleship . . .

JIMMY:

[LOUDER] Wonder . . .

NAGLE:

[URGENTLY] Where were you, Jimmy?

JIMMY:

[STRUGGLING] Wonder . . . wonder
. . . world! Wonder World!

NAGLE:

That's right, Jimmy. You were in the
Wonder World tree house . . . Now
this is very important . . . What
happened there, Jimmy? What happened
at Wonder World?

JIMMY:

[STRUGGLING; IN PAIN] I . . . was
playing and . . . and I moved back
and . . . the wall gave away . . .
and I . . . I fell! . . . I fell!!
[IN PAIN] My head . . . aahh!

[MUSIC: RISES UP AND OUT.]

NAGLE:

[COMFORTS HIM] All right, Jimmy .
. . it's all right . . . yes, you
fell . . . and you hit your head,
very hard -- that's why it hurts so
much . . . [GENTLY] You've been
unconscious for three days, Jimmy. A
coma.

JIMMY:
[STUNNED] A . . . coma . . .

NAGLE:
Yes . . . it's been touch and go --
that's why Grimm has been chasing you
. . . and why he wanted to take you
with him.

JIMMY:
I don't get it.

NAGLE:
Have you ever heard of the Grim
Reaper?

JIMMY:
The Grim Reaper? (BEAT, REALIZING)
You mean, death?!?

NAGLE:
That's him. But you never needed to
worry. You have something greater
and more powerful than he is ...
Faith in Jesus Christ.

JIMMY:
[AWED] Wow . . . [THINKING] But, if
Grimm is death -- then what are you?

NAGLE:
I was sent to help you. To make sure
Grimm didn't succeed this time.

JIMMY:
"Sent?" By who?

NAGLE:
[SMILES] Who do you think?

JIMMY:
[REALLY AWED] Wow . . .

NAGLE:
[CHUCKLES] See, Jimmy, it's not your
time yet. God still has plans for
you, and that means, for now, you
stay . . . understand?

JIMMY:
Yeah, but --

NAGLE:
But what?

JIMMY:
Couldn't . . . you stay, too?

[MUSIC: A TOUCHING THEME STARTS.]

NAGLE:
[SMILES] Don't worry, Jimmy -- I'll
be around . . . [A BEAT] Listen, the
door will open now . . . you'd better
get back -- everyone's waiting for
you . . .

GEORGE:
[FAINT; ECHO] Jimmy?

JIMMY:
Dad? That's my Dad, Mr. Nagle!
[HE'S DISAPPEARING] Mr. Nagle?

NAGLE:

[FADING; ECHO] Go through the door,
Jimmy . . .

JIMMY:
But, Mr. Nagle!

NAGLE:
[FADING; ECHO] They're waiting . . .

GEORGE:
[FAINT, BUT STRONGER] Jimmy . . .

JIMMY:
Dad! . . . Dad! . . .

[MUSIC: RISES UP THEN SUDDENLY OUT.]
[WE'RE IN JIMMY'S HOSPITAL ROOM. THE HEART MONITOR IS GOING.]

JIMMY:
[VERY WEAK] Dad?

GEORGE:
I'm here, son . . . I'm right here
. . . Whit, would you go get Mary
and the Doctor, please? They're
right out in the hall.

WHIT:
Of course! [AS HE GOES] Thank you,
Jesus . . .

GEORGE:
[GENTLY] How do you feel, son?

JIMMY:
[WEAK] My head hurts . . .

GEORGE:
[CHUCKLE] Well, that's
understandable . . . You just lie
quietly now, all right?

JIMMY:
Okay . . . but, Dad?

GEORGE:

Yes, son.

JIMMY:
When I get better . . . have I got a
story to tell you . . .

[MUSIC: RISES UP, VERY TOUCHING TO . . .

. . . THE END.]